

bird, but it is I who make the night go and the morning come with my singing." He sang a little tune: ^{159^x}
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I am the kukuli bird
 You do not know
 You do not know.

Next day I found the feather he had dropped when he sat above the door and that is the feather I use.

Coyote came to me after that. I belong to the Coyote division of our people and he comes to us; never to the Buzzards. He came when I was asleep at night and said: "Look. A time will come when this world will end. People are dying now." I knew that. It seemed to me I heard all the time that some one was dead. We never used to hear that. Only once in a while, a long while, word would come that some old person was gone. But now we hear it all the time.

Coyote said: "If you want to, you can cure them. If not, they will die." I said: "I'll see."

Then he showed me how to take the blood that I could draw from a feather and rub it on a sick man's body, where his own blood did not run. That is what makes people sick. Their blood does not run. But Coyote told me: "Don't fool them. If you find you can't cure, sit back. Do nothing." Then he sang this song about himself; how he tried to cure and could not:

Coyote, my comrade
 Spit on his fingertips
 One by one.

He put his hands on the sick man
 And felt around
 "Haya, sickness!
 I can't find you!"

I tried
 I could not see.
 I sat back.

So always I sit back if I cannot cure. But I could have cured if I had not given away my crystals. Yes, I could have done much.

XI

My sons grew up. The first one we called Vincenzo but he bought the name Two Bits from another man because he liked it. We say that name in our language, of course. It sounds good. ^{159^x}
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